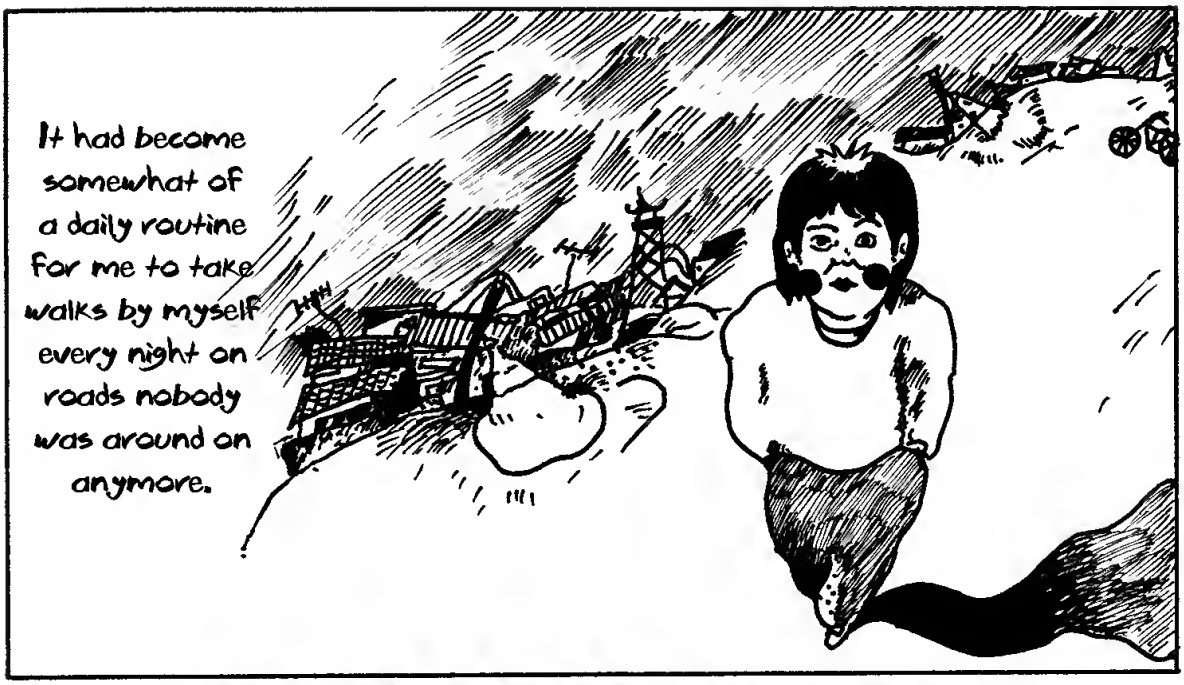
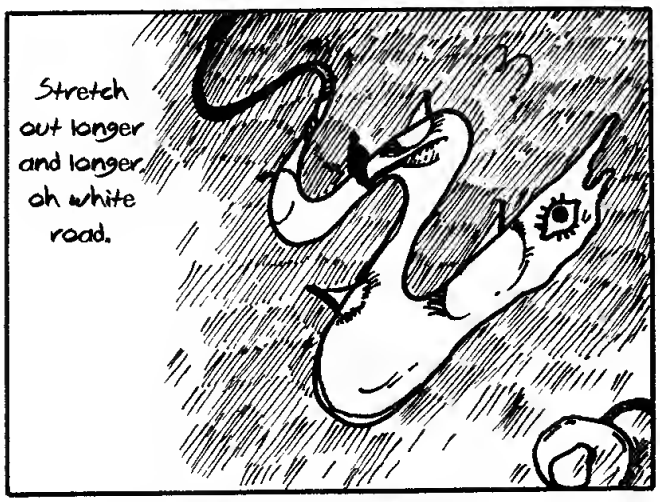
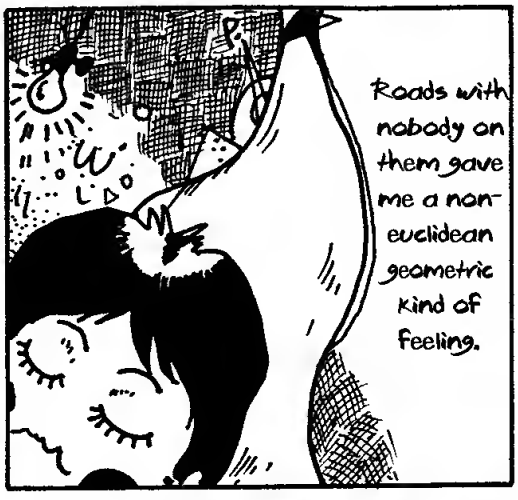
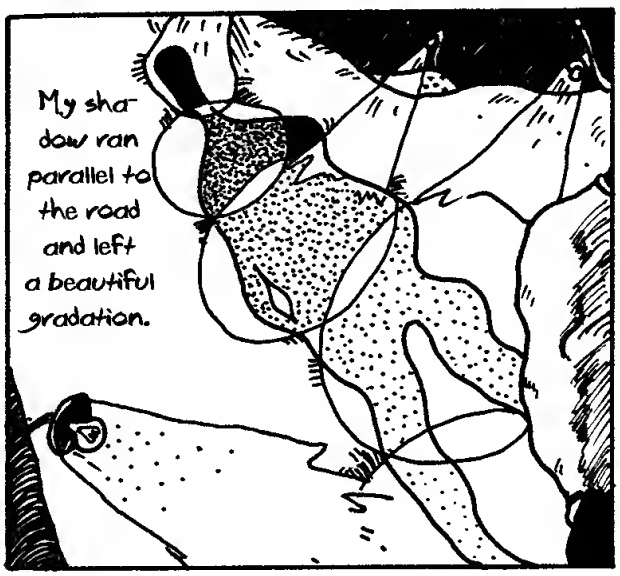
村田 絵嗣


It had become somewhat of a daily routine for me to take walks by myself every night on roads nobody was around on anymore.


Stretch out longer and longer. oh white road.


Roads with nobody on them gave me a non-euclidean geometric kind of feeling.

My feet which stepped right and left and right and left were my loyal servants.


My shadow ran parallel to the road and left a beautiful gradation.

If A is a shooting star and B is an outbreak of starfish, then a + b = ?
THIS IS JUST LIKE THE WORLD OF MIYAZAWA KENJI.
From the look of the star, it was awkwardly fat. I suppose it must have been difficult to support that kind of body weight, even with the power of the cosmos.
Suddenly, one of the shooting stars fell down right in front of me.

GOOD EVE-NING.
HEA-VENS, NO.
OH... GOOD EVENING. ARE YOU A STAR?
With that a small gentleman suddenly hopped out from inside the star.
WHAT A PLEASURE IT IS TO BE MEETING YOU. I KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN STROLLING AROUND HERE EVERY NIGHT. I'VE WATCHED YOU FROM THE SKY.

BUT YOU'RE ABLE TO SEE ME, AREN'T YOU?
LIAR, YOU SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE ANYTHING FROM UP THERE.
I'M JUST A MERCHANT THAT PEDDLES HAPPINESS ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.
SO, WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU?
TAKE FOR EXAMPLE, TARAKIN AND MATSUDA SENKO. I CONTROL THEM AND I USE THEM TO PROVIDE EVERYONE WITH HAPPINESS.
TOSHI!
EIKO
TOSHI!!

TAKE A LOOK UP THERE! ALL THOSE STARS ABOVE YOUR HEAD ARE MY COMRADES.
TARAEMON!
And everyone who I have made happy moves according to my wishes.
GAH!
They may have been scary when they were on TV, but they are all too old and miserable now.
HIGH POLYMER FLY SWATTER
BUT THE ENTERPRISE IS UP THERE IN SPACE, AND IT WON'T LET YOU DO AS YOU PLEASE!

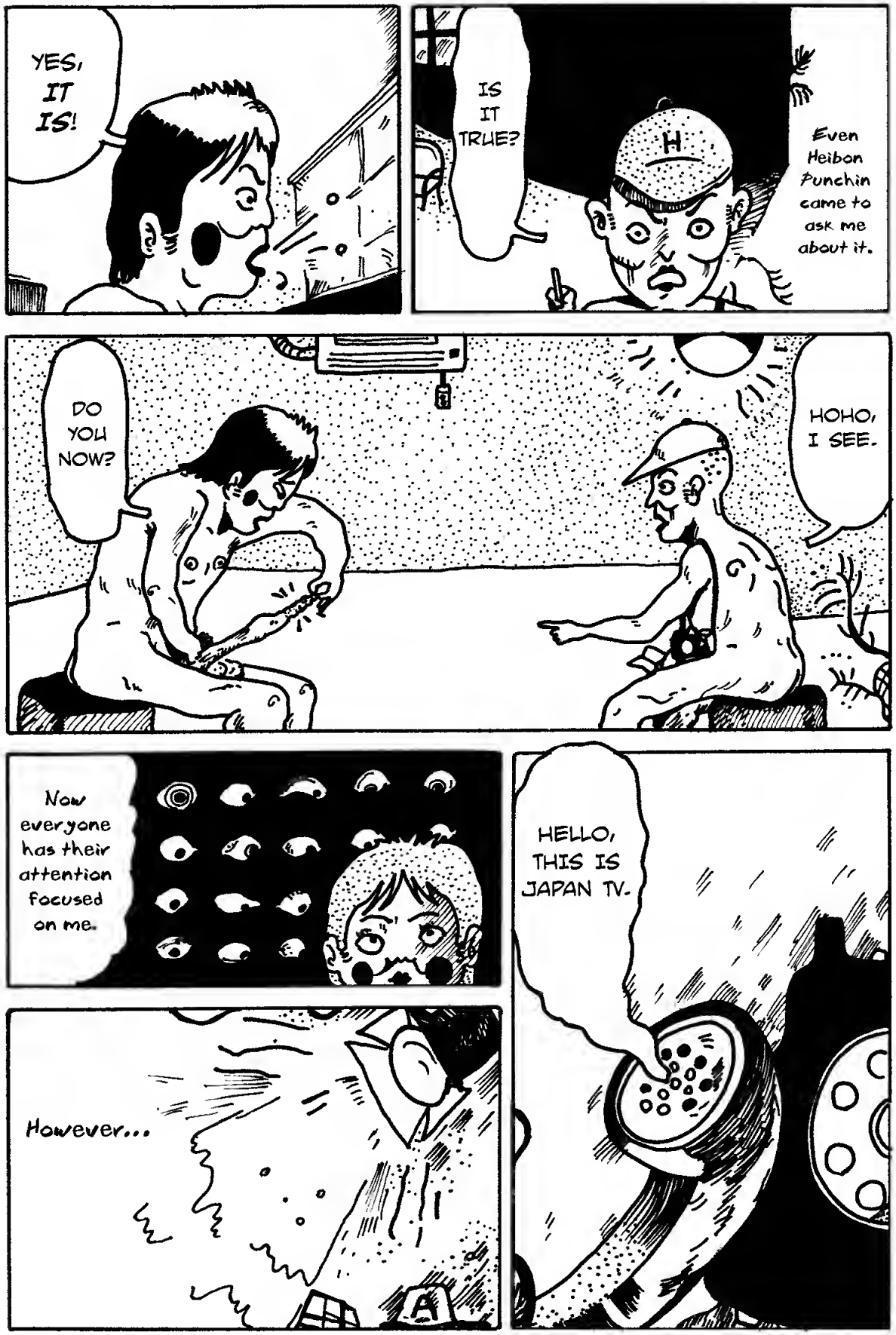
So he's saying that they are going to turn us all into puppets, is he?
That sharpness of them definitely belonged to Spock.
LOOK, THESE ARE SPOCK'S EARS.
How dreadful. I became very scared, so I left that place as soon as I could.
My back was drenched in sweat that splattered and splashed.
SFX: HA, HA, HA

When I got home I found that my mother was still awake, despite how late it was.
I'M HOME!
AH!
HUH, WHAT IS IT?
HEY, MOM! IT'S A DISAS-TER!
My mother was already happily dancing.
MACHIY
マッチー
MACCHI!
SO CUTE!

My dad was well regarded and a teacher of morals education at college.
AH, IT'S DAD.
CRACK!
I'M HOME.
NO, IT'S DIFFERENT TODAY!
THAT'S NOTHING NEW.
DAD, IT'S A DISASTER! MOM'S ACTING STRANGE!
HUH, A SOUVENIR? THAT'S UNUSUAL. WHAT IS IT?
HEY, I'VE GOT A SOUVENIR FOR YOU.

IT SMELLS REALLY GOOD.
LOOK, IT'S MATSUDA SENKO'S PANTIES!
SEIKO
My dad grinned while he stuffed his hand into the envelope.
I didn't know what to do. I was plunged into the depth of despair.
GAH! YOU TOO DAD!?
GOTO
SEIKO
Day after day their symptoms continued to worsen.
AH--
MACHI
SEIKO

Everyday I would record my observations in my journal.
I'LL MAKE SURE EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THIS.
And then...
Journal
The Human Race is in Danger Chants
Victor Records
The Aliens are Attacking
This month's best seller
Aribayashi Tou
Now people should listen a bit to what I was saying. And sure enough everyone began to pay attention to me. Now their plan has been foiled, I thought.


YES, IT IS!
IS IT TRUE?
Even Heibon Punchin came to ask me about it.
DO YOU NOW?
HOHO, I SEE.
Now everyone has their attention focused on me.
HELLO, THIS IS JAPAN TV.
However...

きゃ〜カワイ〜〜
〜ヤダ〜〜
キャッ キャッキャッ
11PM
11PM
11PM
It only caused the people they were controlling, the followers of the fads, to swarm.
キャッ
キャッ
カワイ〜〜
If I could only get them to listen more seriously to what I was saying...
独室
I'M NOT AN IDOL FOR YOU PEOPLE!
WHY WON'T THEY BELIEVE WHAT I SAY...?

O Month, the 33rd, Friday

I'm so frustrated. Nobody listens to a word I say. Why...?
I was so frustrated that I accidentally got tears
all over the Kawai Naoko Bra that I was clutching.
Those fad loving butterflies came happily flying over all around me...

完

Monthly Garo 1982-08 (ch. 008)
Title: Puppeteer
Author: Murata Eshi

We're recruiting translators and editors for *Garo*
HabaneroScans@Gmail.com